

## **SWEDENBORGIANA**

**Phillip Medhurst**

### **A MEMORABLE OCCURRENCE**

Last night, while still in the body, I was allowed by the Lord to visit in spirit four of the corners of heaven. The first domain was ruled by an angel called “Joseph Smith.” This domain was populated entirely by families with proud men at their head. Any man who did not have a family, and any women who was not a wife, and any child who did not dedicate their virginity to their fathers, was not admitted to this domain. This was because (they said) the three gods who ruled heaven all belonged to the same family. The source of happiness for the angels their was the belief against all reason that the exercise of their carnal lusts would one day make them gods too, and they said that angel called “Mormon” had written a book to tell them that without doubt this was the case. Unfortunately, the Lord had chosen to make all the angels in this domain blind.

The second domain was ruled by an angel called “Charles Taze Russell,” together with 144,000 other angels who, unfortunately, were deaf. These angels ruled over the inhabitants here who were allowed to occupy beautiful houses which they shared with all kinds of animals such as lions and lambs who lived quite happily together. The source of happiness for the inhabitants was the belief that after a thousand years they would cease to be tenants and become owner-occupiers – if only they could speak out and state their claim. Unfortunately, whenever they opened their mouths they were unable to speak words of their own choosing. Their only way they could overcome their dumbness was to read from a book given to them, which unfortunately was sealed. But they continued to cherish the hope of owning their own vineyards.

The second domain was ruled by an angel called “Emanuel Swedenborg.” There the source of the inhabitants’ happiness was their belief that they had earned their habitation by acts of charity, although in fact they owed their position to a special influx from God, the rules of this endowment being inaccessible to Man. At the centre of their domain was a great heap of gold with which they could purchase anything they required. Whenever they had a need, a shower of gold would fall on them, which they could then gather up and spend. The coins varied in their design: some bore the head of Swedenborg with the word “Pension;” others bore the legend, “With compliments of the established church” with the head of John Clowes; and others, “New Church Endowment Windfall” with the head of a man called “Hindmarsh.” The source of happiness for the angels was their belief that by gathering up the showers of coins, which they called “monel,” they were strenuously earning a living. Fortunately, they had no sense of smell, and in that way they could not smell the odour of the great heap of gold, which was that of cattle dung.

Finally, the Lord allowed me to visit the domain where I was destined to dwell. It was ruled by angels who had not been humans at all, but whales and dolphins. The atmosphere was water which I was miraculously enabled to breathe. Unfortunately, this domain was situated next to a hell called “The Anthropocentre” ruled by a devil called “Babylon Princeps” (BP for short) who used his powers to turn the waters into blood while he himself sailed a yacht on the surface. This he justified by saying that

he needed a life, and many of the angels tolerated the situation because they fed on and grew fat from the blood. Other inhabitants, their robes stained in that same crimson and purple blood, edged with a lace of churned foam, were tormented by an adult lust, the object of which was small and innocent angels who here, thanks be to God, were allowed to swim with the dolphins beyond their reach. Unfortunately for them, these men – for such they all were – had no sense of touch or feeling and so could not pleasure themselves, which was not for want of trying.

Was this all a dream? I hope so, because, believe me, I was very glad when I woke up!

#### ANOTHER MEMORABLE OCCURRENCE

The other day I picked a big mushroom from a garden in Radcliffe and took it home for my tea. As soon as I'd eaten it, I fell into a swoon.

Thereupon I saw a door with **ASSENTING ADULTS ONLY** written on it. I entered and saw a massive pink elephant. I looked down at myself and found that I had turned into a mouse which could only squeak. The difference in size between myself and the elephant was so huge that I had to scurry round it so that I could see it from different angles. On closer examination I saw that the legs of the elephant consisted of huge stacks of books containing so many volumes piled high that they were unstable. Sitting on the elephant's swaying back were two men, one of whom looked like John Henry Newman and the other Emanuel Swedenborg, the one wearing a cardinal's hat and the other a coronet. But both men shared the same suit of clothes, which happened to be those of a Church of England vicar. On the hem of their cassock was embroidered the words: **APOLOGIA PRO HOMO MAXIMUS**. The two men kept shouting at me, very angrily, "Go away, you'll scare the elephant!" I saw, however, that the beast in question was wearing blinkers and did not notice me. So I turned tail quickly and ran back towards the door. Karl Marx kindly opened it for me and said, "You've eaten a magic mushroom!" I went through the door and Sigmund Freud slammed it behind me, shouting "Beware the Ids . . . (sic)!"

Then I woke up. Clearly, the mushroom, though attractive at first both in sight and taste, had contained a dangerous hallucinogenic drug. I hope it hasn't given me brain damage. Perhaps I should get medical help?

#### A VISION

Why are the God-squad always struck dumb when I mention my son Oliver?

I saw a vision and dreamed a dream. On a wide plain I saw a towering statue. Its head, chest and arms were made of monel (sic), its belly and thighs of technetium, and its legs and feet of promethium. On its head was a mitre bearing the legend "Swedenborg." Over its eyes were two crystals set in a metal bow upon which were engraved the words "Urim" and "Thummim." And the pockets of its robes were stitched shut. In one hand was a scalpel, and in the other a pen. And under each foot was a real book of paper and print, one bearing the word "Scientifics," and the other "The Truths of the Church," each with a price in French francs.

And then I looked, and behold, there was nearby a smoking volcano. And down its sloping side rolled an uncut granite boulder borne in a chariot without horses. On this stone in letters of fire were inscribed the words, "The Silence Made Flesh," and on the chariot, "Acts of God." And the rock smashed the idol into a thousand pieces, and the fire of the letters consumed the books.

I saw then that the chariot passed into the coasts of Judea, and the stone through the further side of Jordan, and as I beheld this, Lo! a scroll fell into my hands, and on it were written the words: "That the Lord, as to His Human principle, arose out of scientifics into the goods and truths of the church. sign. John Clowes." And then a gust of wind took the parchment from my hands, and carried it into the mouth of the mountain of wrath, where it was consumed. And in its stead, I found in my hand a white stone, and on it a new name.

And then I awoke, and found that a thief was breaking into my house.

Phillip Medhurst  
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